Bring me the Satin Coffin ; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her : sodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Chest beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
*Per.* I thanke thee : Meriner say what coast is this ?
2. We are neere *Tharsus.*
*Per.* Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for *Tyre*, when canst thou reach it ?
2. By breake of day, if the winde cease.
*Per. O* make for *Tharsus*,
There will I visite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus* ; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nursing : goe the wayes good Mariner,
Ile bring the body presently.

*Exit.*

*Enter Lord Cerymon with a seruant,*

*Cer. Philemon*, hoe.

*Enter Philemon.*

*Phyl.* Doth my Lord call ?
*Cer.* Get fire and meate for these poore men,
It hath beene a turbulet and stormy night,
*Ser.* I haue beene in many ; but such a night as this,
Till now I neare indured.
*Cer*, Your Master will be dead ere you returne,
Ther's nothing can be ministred to nature,
That can recouer him : giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship,
*Cer.* Gentlemen, why do you stirre so early ?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea
Shooke as if the earth did quake :
The very principles did seeme to rend and all to topple,
Peur surprize and feare, made me to leaue the house,

2. *Gent.*



2. *Gent.* That is the cause wee trouble you so early.
Tis not our husbandry.
*Cer.* O you say well.
1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordship
Hauing rich attire about you, should at these early houres
Shake off the golden slumber of repose ? tis most strange
Nature should be so couersant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
*Cer.* I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning.
Were endwomens greater, then Nobleness and Riches,
Careless heyres may the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a God :
Tis knowne, I euer studied Physicke,
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authority,
I haue together with my practise, made familiar
To me and to my aide, the best infusions that dwels
In Vegitiues, in Mettals, Stones : and can speake of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her eures ;
Which doth diue me a more content in course of true delight
Then to be thirsty after tottering Honour,
Or tye my pleasure vp in silken Bags,
To please the Foole and Death.
2. *Gent*, Your honour hath through *Ephesus*,
poured foorth your charity, and hudereds call themselues
Your Creatures ; who by you haue beene restored,
And not your knowledge, your personall paine,
But euen your purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such strong renowne, as neuer shall decay.

*Enter two or three with a Chest.*

*Ser.* So, lift there.
*Cer.* What's that ?
*Ser.* Sir, euen now did the sea tosse vp vpon our shoure
This Chest ; tis of some wracke.
*Cer.* Set it downe, let vs looke vpon it.
*Gent.* Tis like a Coffin, sir.



*Cer.*